

## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

In the absence of some of our board of editors we substitute letters which they send us, and presume they will be quite as interesting as an extra editorial from the editors who have remained at home.

## TEMPERANCE CANDIDATES.

Nearly all the legislation of the past four years which has attempted to prescribe and limit, and in some States to proscribe, the sale of liquor, has been enacted by the Republican legislatures. The Republican party is the friend of temperance, and contains within its ranks a large majority of the men whose votes can be relied upon to support laws which shall contribute to this end.

But the Republican party is not in any sense of the word prohibitory, and when they have done all they can in favor of restraining and regulating the traffic, it is very unkind and ungrateful for the extreme temperance people to say that they will work with them no longer. The temperance party in New Jersey have nominated a candidate for Governor whom they have no chance of electing. They perfectly well that they cannot by defeating the Democrats; they also know that if the election is run very close, they would almost surely succeed in defeating the Republicans; and yet, in the face of all this, they run a ticket of their own.

They do not pretend to be favorable to the Democratic party; they assail them with as much energy and vigor as possible, and yet the Democrats in close States have no allies, except, perhaps, the rum-sellers themselves, who are as valuable to them as these temperance people with their independent ticket.

So far as we know, the New Jersey prohibitionists have never elected a member of the legislature even, unless he was induced by one of the two great parties. The radical temperance men who have gotten into the legislature have so far failed to accomplish their purpose, because they demanded more stringent laws than the people were able to consider judicious.

Far be it from us to put a feather's weight in the way of good men who are laboring for a good cause; but when they act in such a way as to put their most determined enemies into power, some one ought to remind them that their cause can only be advanced by the exercise of a fair degree of common sense and wisdom.

## THE GERMAN SEMINARY.

The spirit of progress and improvement which has been so characteristic of Bloomfield lately has apparently affected the Seminary authorities in a very decided degree. Last year the course of the academic department was considerably extended, and thrown open to all young men who might wish to enter, whether they intended pursuing the study of theology or not. A large room was set apart for the library and neatly and substantially furnished. This had long been needed, but the necessary funds had not been forthcoming. Some of the lectures were thrown open to the public, with very gratifying results both to the faculty and the audiences. The services of several new men were secured, whereby the efficiency of the faculty was very materially increased, and last but not least, so far as the public is concerned, the grounds were much improved. Altogether, the advance made during the last year is a very decided one, and will serve to infuse new courage into the workers who toiled so long and so hard with apparently so little effect.

So much for the past. The future promises even better things, both within and without. First of all, the outside of the building is to receive a new coat of paint. The color will not be one of those "dirty greens" by any means, but the same substantial shade which has been a characteristic feature of the old landmark these many years. The grounds are to receive further needed attention. The snow, we are positively assured, is to

be cleared off the front walk as soon as it falls, so that pedestrians will no longer need to navigate uncertain waters in rubber boots, or attempt impossible athletic feats to save leather ones. Carpenters are already tearing down the dividing partition between the front and back lecture rooms, and will replace it by large folding doors. This will allow the two rooms to be thrown into one when a larger space is needed for public lectures. The wood work and walls are to be tastefully painted, a new platform provided, and arrangements made for perfectly lighting, heating, and ventilating. A new course of lectures on literary and scientific topics is being prepared which shall supplement, not interfere with, entertainments projected by others.

While the faculty is thus endeavoring to make the Seminary a benefit to the town both materially and intellectually, the people should not forget their part. Charity begins at home. It is all very well to remember Siam, but not well to forget America. While bestowing great attention upon the condition of the inhabitants of Peking, we may be in danger of overlooking some very worthy needy ones right here in Bloomfield. There is one very practical and practicable form our gifts might take just now. From personal observation we are sure there are very few rooms in the Seminary which would not be benefited by a little furniture. If twenty-five or thirty of our inhabitants who have been keeping house several years, would allow their garrets to disgorge a portion of their accumulated auction room material, they would do themselves and others perhaps a very great service. If we are not greatly mistaken, almost anything would find a place in some room, from a carpet or a bedstead to a soap cup or a stove poker.

Furthermore, good friends, while in the garret just remember that prospective missionaries need clothes to wear just as much as actual ones, and that winters in New Jersey are as cold as in many other places.

## SUMMER DAYS.

The intense heat usually experienced in August hastens the departure for the seaside and the mountain, but the temperature of July, and so much of August as has come to us, has been in every respect delightful.

It is not easy to recall a season with a record better than that of the one we now enjoy.

People who could not arrange to leave have found their homes so comfortable that they take a mild sort of satisfaction in thinking that their neighbors who could and did go away have been obliged to send home for thicker wraps, and tell tales of chilliness and discomfort, which seem really to deserve their sympathy.

It may be a little too soon to boast, for there is still time enough for the sun to reduce our pride, but whatever may happen next week or the week after, the past, at least, is secure.

## Editorial Correspondence.

VACATION NOTES: SEA SHORE AND MOUNTAIN.

Somebody or other discovered Atlantic City a decade or two ago. I remember how it looked when I first saw it. It was as big as Hays City, in Kansas, which consisted of one house. This house at Atlantic City was a rather caravansary-like hotel, with a few stunted trees and a good deal of sand around it. New Atlantic City has four thousand permanent inhabitants, and is fully equipped. It punishes extortion, represses the enthusiastic hackman, fires out tramps, picks up all loose rubbish—moral and material—and acts as if it had a character to maintain. The shops are good, and you can buy what you want in them with a calm conviction that you will not pay three prices. In a word, Atlantic City is free, to a great extent, from all those petty nuisances which make life a burden in some other summer resorts.

Moreover, you can get a decent bathing suit at any number of places along the beach. The articles are not of the bed-tick or old-flannel-rag pattern either. In fact, I never saw a better looking lot of garments, as a rule, than those which are displayed in the surf at the foot of Pennsylvania Avenue. It is very funny to observe how the different houses mark their costumes. One sends out its natatory convicts in striped orange and white shirts and blue trousers. Another brands a white monogram on the blue front of the ladies tunics. Nothing, however, can compensate for the eccentricity of nature by which my friend of the orange and blue, for example, was constructed with parenthetical legs. Off he goes, straddling to the sea, his bandy shanks painfully apparent in their unadorned simplicity. But even he is surpassed by yonder three hundred pound woman, who rolls on like a walrus into the breakers. Many of the costumes are natty, and even elegant. A couple of young girls and their cavalier came and landed on the sand not far from the pavilion where I sat. He was of the regulation pattern, with brown arms and brown legs, and his nose in a state of subdued incandescence. They also exposed their faces and arms to the full glare, in order to meet the requirements of the case. They were young and pretty, and there they colored away like meerschbaums in a state of happy tranquility. One had a golden tangle about her neck. The other had a couple of bangle bracelets on her arms. Their hair was tied up with a crimson kerchief, and their red sashes and dark blue suits, and stockings made a pretty picture enough. The young fellow with them at least seemed to think so, as he lounged under the great crimson umbrella at their side. The fact is, it seemed all right and proper there—as Bishop Hober said that it did at Calcutta, when he saw the best then without any clothes to enumerate—

but it would be peculiar enough for a dressing-room reception. Taking pictures of these people who have nice costumes seems to be a specialty with the tin-typers and photographers along the beach. I put in a solid quarter of an hour examining one such exhibit. There I beheld varied beauty and ugliness, and was considerably amused to find that some of the subjects had donned white stockings and buttoned boots before their bathing dresses. The men in the American illustrations manners and customs were fearful and wonderful to behold, but no more so than the women. I noticed several pictures of young persons with a daintily embroidered suit, who would not have discredited a collection of modern actresses.

The water was full of 'em at the bathing hour. It was so thick that you couldn't swim without getting your toe in somebody's mouth, or having a crop-headed athlete rise from a dive immediately under your arm-pit. Everybody took in his salt water with a vigorous gulp, and spat out indignantly after the wave had passed. For my part, I got into the orchestra chairs—away up front—where it was nearly neck deep. That was as far as the tickets called for, and I would have stood a good chance of making a splash if I had gone further. Then I used—for I took several baths and spent all my loose change in bathing costumes—then I used, as I said, to turn around and take the water of the waves, and the people came bobbing up through it half strangled, laughing and yelling and clinging to each other like a tangle of sea-weed. I saw one man teaching his dog to draw him through the surf. It was a sensible trick, and the dog—a huge black Newfoundland—enjoyed it as much as his master. He would swim out, breasting each swell, and leaping up to pass the surf, and then padding for dear life after his apparently sinking master. Then he would seize the belt that was tossed to him, and dash back for the beach. He dragged the big fellow out three times while I watched him, and was crazy to do it some more, although the breakers were unusually heavy.

But if you want pure, unadulterated fun, go to the Excursion House. There you will see the excursionist in his perfection. It is like Rockaway Beach, only better managed and with more protection to life and property. At one point there is a "cable road" which consists of two lines of wire descending outward and back again. "Round trip, five cents." You go up—I didn't, but you may—and catch hold of a thing with a crossbar to hang on by, and with a wheel above to run on the rope. Then you are turned loose, about ten feet above the sand, to run down fifty or sixty feet to the opposite station; then you pick up your pulley and mount the stairs, and start afresh back again.

There came a wild-eyed Israelite, who exhibited his muscle for the benefit of his female friends. His hair blew and his coat flew, and away he went, kicking and careering in mid-air with great delight. Now he comes back again, his eyes agog and his mouth open, his hat gone, and his waistcoat strained to the bursting point. What a face! He is having a new sensation, and he instantly parts with five cents and the rest of his natural diffidence of manner, and off he goes once more! I saw two little girls glide along like fairies hung up to dry by the arms. I saw the voyage of a great fatty—about as big a man as I have attempted it. How the rope buckled and bent, and how he lifted up his fat legs and came in horizontally, the base of his trousers smoothing down the sand! I sat there and estimated the inventor's profits at five cents a head, so many hours to the day, with so much beach rent and so much man-hire deducted. I did it all in my head, too. It was capital practice to prevent rust on the brain. I made it out that he accumulated thirty dollars, net, each and every working day; and if you added Sunday, that he probably rolled up his two hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. Hence I concluded that THE CITIZEN had better start an annex—free rides to rejected contributors.

Atlantic City climate is a thing to be praised without stint. It really is soft and delightful beyond all things I have met elsewhere. The winter climate is fast becoming renowned. Several hotels are open all the year round, and hot and cold salt-water baths can be taken in one's apartments. I left it with regret, and turned my face up the river. And now here I am in Catskill. Yonder, light air that any mountaineer so heartily enjoys in this historic village. To-morrow I shall go higher and breathe more of the air of the peaks; but to-day it is enough to be here, in this delightful home and with these charming surroundings. From the Prospect House I looked down on the Hudson, on Saturday night, and saw the boats steam past, and saw a canoeist go bravely by, flip-flapping a broad-bladed, double paddle, and weather good and warm of it, and across the wakes of barges and other craft.

I would like to tell you about a boat-ride in the Minnehaha, where some blonders were when the crew, and where we went along up the Catskill by the classic Hoponose and the ecclesiastic Devil's Aspect, and saw a woman—a lady by her dress—walking a high railroad bridge on the cross ties, with a train coming up the grade behind her. She looked back, counted the cost, let out an extra link, and reached the shore in due season. That's a fashion they have up here.

S. W. D.

LIGHT weight: "How much do you think I weigh?" asked a young swell who was visiting a bluff old dairyman. "Well," replied the milk handler, "I couldn't tell, but by the expression of your face I've had with calves, I should say that when you're weaned you might weigh almost as much as a box of cheese." The youth bellowed for his ma, and was led home by the hired man.—(The N. Y. Dairy.)

## List of Letters

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